

EDITED
BY
MRS. G. R. ALDEN.

The Pansy.

YOUNG PEOPLE
ABROAD.

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HAMBURG.

SUPPOSE we take a trip to Germany and stop at Hamburg for some candy and a few flowers! Where is Hamburg? Well, it is one of the largest free cities in Germany, and is on the River Elbe, perhaps seventy-five miles from the German Ocean. I presume you can find it on your maps much quicker, and perhaps more pleasantly, than we can reach it by steamer.

One of the curious sights you would be likely to see there, is women in their queer dresses, doing all sorts of work that in our country men do. It is said that in many cities of Germany the women travel up and down ladders all day, carrying mortar to the workmen. Then, you know, they work in the field, and clean the streets, and keep the car-tracks clear, and in fact do almost any sort of work that we are accustomed to think belongs to men.

I don't suppose carrying fruit and flowers around is very hard work; especially when the women have sense enough to hang the weight from their shoulders, as this one in the picture has done. Wouldn't you like to smell her flowers? They are lovely, I dare say. Hamburg is the place for flowers, even in winter; they take great delight in their greenhouses.

Besides, you know it is the place where they make the most delicious candies in the world. At least they think so, and I am afraid you would agree with them so entirely, that you would have but little money left for your mission bands, if you were often to meet a Hamburg marketwoman on the street, with a basket of fruit in one hand, and a basket of sugar plums in the other.

Let me see, what else are the German women famous for? Oh, I know, knitting. One lady who has been there, says it is as natural for them to knit as it is to breathe. And the marketwoman in the "Fleisch halle," or market, who cuts and trims you a nice steak, as soon as it is weighed and laid in your

basket, if another customer is not at hand, whisks out her knitting and works away for a few minutes.

More than that, they teach the little girls, indeed, almost the babies, to knit. This same lady says she has seen children playing hide-and-seek, and at the same



HAMBURG MARKETWOMAN.

time making the shining needles fly! How should you like to play and work at the same time? I wonder if they all knit "backwards?" There was once a German girl who lived with me, and who was very fond of knit-

ting; but she always turned the length of stocking which was knitted, from her, and knit "inside out," as a little girl said who watched her. "What makes you knit inside out?" she asked Rita. But Rita shook her yellow head, and laughed her good-natured laugh, and explained that *she* thought it was American who knit "inside out;" *she* knit *right*; the house mother had taught her years and years ago.

I believe, since you are in Hamburg, that you better go to one of the hospitals. The large one can take care of eighteen hundred people at once, and it is said they are well taken care of. Wouldn't you like to walk through a village like that and speak a pleasant word to the sick ones, and leave a flower here and there or a picture or a smile?

Still, it doesn't seem as though the Hamburg people could like their homes very well, for I have heard that in the last eight or ten years as many as three hundred thousand people have left there, and most of them come to the United States! I wonder if we are doing all we can to make their home here a happy one?

I wonder if you know any German girl or boy whom you can help in any way, and if so, what you are doing to make him feel that this is the best country in the world, and that Jesus Christ is his Saviour?

INDIA.

SHALL we take a journey to that far-away country, and see what we can find? A queerly-dressed woman is our first sight. At least, she looks queer to us. But in her own home she appears like the rest of the young women. In fact, she is very much dressed. Notice the embroidery on her dress, and the string of pearls, or ornaments of some kind, around her neck. Never mind if she is barefooted; that is the fashion! Pay special attention to the ring in her nose, with its string of jewels: this marks her as quite elegant. "What a horrid fashion," says a little girl at my elbow. I think so myself; but how the little girl can be a mystery, for looking closely at her I discover that she has holes pierced in her two delicate ears, and rings inserted, with jewels on them. Why should not the Hindoo lady think a ring in her nose as becoming as the American lady's rings in her ears?

Besides, in some of her fashions the Hindoo lady agrees with our ideas of beauty; she has a ring on each finger of one hand, and her bracelets are certainly larger and heavier than any that we wear. More than that, if you look closely, you will discover that she wears rings on her toes! Why not? "If rings on the fingers are pretty," she reasons, "then why shouldn't rings on my toes be pretty, too?" And on they go.

Here is the carriage in which our fine lady takes her morning ride. She has on her out-door dress now. I think myself it is less becoming than the one she wears at home. How the driving is managed is more than I can understand. What if those animals should run away? Though, to be sure, they look as

though such a daring thought as that never entered their heads.

Perhaps my lady is going to visit the Jain Hospital. That, you must know, is a very large hospital in Bombay, for animals. Horses, and dogs, and cats, and monkeys, and crows, and vultures, and all sorts of animals, are received into this hospital, fed, and bathed, and tended with the greatest care; the sick ones are dosed with medicine, and looked after in every way as we look after our sick people. The outer court is kept only for cows; these have the best rooms and the best care, for you know the Hindoos think they are sacred animals. It is a very curious sight to go through this strange hospital. Think of the money, and time, and care spent here. When you meet a horse limping around with a wooden leg, and a sheep with bandaged eyes, and a bald-headed monkey done up in liniment, you are half inclined to think the Hindoos the kindest-hearted people in the world. The truth is, we Christians might learn something from the poor heathen about kindness to animals. Still there are two sides to the question.

What do you think of taking more care of horses, and dogs, and cats, than of human beings? Do you know that in India, animals, even tigers and serpents, are held so sacred that the forests are full of them, and hundreds of little children have been destroyed by them? How much such people need to learn about the great God who made our bodies with such care, and who considers them so beautiful that he is willing to call them his temples.

AN OLD STORY NEWLY TOLD.

THERE was once a home where a mother sat all alone. Her hands were folded, and she was looking into the fire; her face was very sad, and every once in awhile she would put up her hand and wipe



AN INDIA TURN-OUT.

away a tear. She was thinking about her one little boy. He was not laid away in the grave, where so many mothers who sit and cry, have seen their little boys laid. If he had been, this mother thought she would

not have cried; she thought that trouble would have been easier to bear than hers. Her little boy was insane with a dreadful kind of insanity, such as we who live in this country know but little about. Her son could not speak, could not hear; and he was constantly in danger; for sometimes the insane feeling in him would throw him down on the ground and roll him over; sometimes he would fall into the water, and sometimes into the fire! He had to be watched all the time, and then his friends could not keep him from being cut, and torn, and bruised.

Not a happy moment did this poor mother see. Do you wonder that she cried? On this morning of which I tell you, the father had taken his son to another town, where was stopping a great Doctor of whom they had heard some wonderful things. The father and mother had talked it over, and though they felt almost sure that their boy's trouble was too great for any one to do him any good, still they decided to try it. So now the mother waited. She had almost no hope of any help, and her tears would keep coming.

Now let us follow the father. Think how disappointed he must have felt when he reached the town and was told that the Doctor was not at home! To be sure he had very little hope, but still he longed to see the Doctor for himself.

There were other doctors there, friends of the famous man. They had cured many people who were thought to be too sick to be helped; so the father went to them. And they tried hard to help the child, but failed. Then the people who were enemies to the great Doctor, laughed about it, and said he could not do every thing, it seemed.

Just then, when the father felt very sore, and sad, and was thinking how he would have to take his suffering child home again, who should come down the street but the great Doctor himself! He saw the crowds of people, some of whom went to meet him, and he heard them asking questions of his friends. Then he began to question, and the father told his sad story; he described how dreadfully his son suffered; how he had been so ever since he was a very little boy, and in what danger his life was, and how disappointed he was because these doctors with whom he had been talking, could do nothing.

Then the great Physician said: "Bring him to me."

Just then the child had one of his worst fits of suffering; he fell on the ground, rolled over, and the froth came out of his mouth.

"Oh!" said the father, "if you can do *any thing*, have pity on us, and help us."

And the Doctor made a strange answer. He said: "If you can believe that I can help you, it will be possible to do it."

With that the father burst into tears, and said, "I do believe; help me to believe it more."

The Doctor bent over and spoke; and in a moment more he took hold of the boy's hand and helped him up, and behold, he was perfectly well! Only think how his father must have felt!

Imagine them a little later going home; talking together as they had never been able to talk before.

Think of the mother standing at her door, watching for their coming; she wonders if her poor boy will be able to walk home, and whether he has suffered very much to-day, and whether it can be possible that the Doctor will have given the father a little hope that he can do something for him.

Hark! There are steps coming. That sounds like the father's step, but he is talking with some one, and her son cannot talk, cannot hear what is said to him. They come nearer; she strains her eyes to see. It is certainly her husband and her son; but who can the father

be talking with, there is no other person in sight.

Suddenly they catch sight of her, and the boy rushes forward; a moment more and he is in his mother's arms: "O mother, mother!" he says. "Think of it!"

"He is well!" says the father, coming forward. "Perfectly well! That blessed Doctor cured him in a moment; and he says the trouble will not come back to him any more!"

Can you imagine what that mother said? How she felt? Do you think she loved that Doctor?

Dear Pansies, you have each, in your house, a book that has this story in it. I wonder if you can find the book, and the place, and read it for yourselves. I wonder if you know that great Doctor, and if he has ever done any wonderful thing for you?



PILGRIMS AT EINSIEDELN.

MEINRAD.

I VENTURE to say that not a Pansy among you is acquainted with him, yet he lived, poor old man! a great many hundred years ago, in beautiful Switzerland. Once his home was on the shore of the beautiful Lake Lucerne. He had a quarrel with the world, however; he said it was "out of joint, and he didn't know how to set it." So what did he do but build a cell up on a mountain, and live there all alone the rest of his life! He tried to be a good man, too, as far as he knew how. The people of Switzerland seem to have loved him. A beautiful abbey was built where his cell used to stand; instead of the battered wooden cup out of which he used to drink, the people use a golden one, trimmed all about its sides with jewels.

In the abbey grounds there is a splendid fountain built of marble and set with jewels; and this fountain has fourteen different spouts from which people may drink, as these are doing in the picture. Each spout is carved in the shape of a bird, or fish, or beast, of some sort.

I suppose you think that the people drink from these fountains because they are thirsty and want water! No, it is because they believe that the water will not only cure all their aches and pains, but will save their souls! This is what they are taught by priests and nuns who live in the abbey.

No one seems to be wise enough to know just which spout should be used, so each person thinks he must drink from them all, for fear he should happen to miss the very one that might cure him! It is said that during a single year there have come one hundred and fifty thousand people who have made long journeys on foot, to drink of this water, in the hope of being cured.

Oh dear, oh dear! has no one ever told them of the verse: "In that day there shall be a fountain opened for sin?" nor how it was opened for us all, when Jesus came and shed his blood that we might be cleansed from sin? nor how he promised: "I will give unto him that is athirst, of the fountain of the water of life, freely?" nor how he said he would lead them all "unto living fountains of water, and wipe away all tears from their eyes?"

What shall be done for the hundreds and thousands who still travel over that hard road, and try those fourteen streams and are never cured either of pain or sin? Who will help explain to them that there is a fountain that flows freely for them all; that they need take no long journey to find it, and there is no price to pay; because "Jesus died and paid it all?"

A DISCUSSION.

FORE I'd wear any thing around my neck that little ugly bugs had made!" This was what Annie Merrill said to her friend Kate Burns. She was cross, you see, and wanted to say something disagreeable. She curled up her little nose in a dreadful way as she said it. Besides, I am afraid she was just a little bit envious of the lovely coral necklace which Kate was twisting now with her thumb and finger.

Kate's eyes grew very large, and she said: "I'd like to know what you are talking about! What is made of bugs?"

"You are; or your old necklace was, that you are so proud of. It grew in the ocean, too; and there's lots more of it. I could have a great big house all made out of it, if I was only out there."

"Why, Annie Merrill! my coral necklace was bought in Boston at one of the big stores; it didn't come out of no ocean, and there never was a bug on it in the world!"

Then did Kate Burns, who knew just a little more than her small friend, fairly double up her fat little body, and scream with laughter.

"She says it came out of a store!" she shouted. "She thinks it wasn't *made*, nor nothing; it just started right up out of nothing, and put itself on the shelf in the store. Oh, what a little goosie! It is *all over* bugs, I tell you. It was alive, once, and growing on a rock in the ocean. I guess I know; I've got a great big piece at home; my uncle Horace sent it to me away from the Pacific ocean."

It ended in their both becoming quite angry, and pouting awhile, and then sort of half making up, and going to Miss Harper with their troubles.

Then did Kate Burns hear wonderful things. How that her coral necklace was made by little bits of creatures who had their home in the water, and who worked so steadily and so hard, that they actually built islands, and closed up channels through which ships wanted to pass! that the many strange and beautiful shapes in which the coral was brought were not made by cutting and carving, as Kate had supposed, but by the little creatures themselves. She heard, too, that when they were alive and at work on their lovely branches of



A CORAL STEM.

coral, they looked very much like flowers growing under water.

"What *is* the coral, anyhow?" asked Annie Merrill, at last.

She felt very meek, having heard a great deal that she did not know before.

"Why, dear," said Miss Harper, "it is really a kind of lime."

"Oh, my!" said Kate. A "kind of lime" did not sound to her like any thing very grand.

"It is real pretty, anyhow!" declared Annie, slipping her arm around Kate's waist.

"Yes," said Miss Harper, and very wonderful. "Think of such beautiful forms being made by little bits of creatures, away out of sight under the water. You will both like to study all about coral, I think, when you are older. It will help you to understand what a wonderful being God is."

"But to think of little bits of creatures making my necklace!" said Kate Burns.